

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Invaders get special award

Washington, Dec. 26

A new service award for Army personnel who participate in a combat parachute jump, combat glider landing or an initial assault landing on a hostile shore was announced today by the WD.

The device is a bronze Indian arrowhead. One quarter inch high, it will be worn in a vertical position with point upward on the theatre service ribbon which indicate the area in which it was earned. Only one arrowhead will be worn on any theatre ribbon. Commanders of organizations engaging in qualifying action will forward recommendations to the theatre commander as soon as practicable after such an operation since the start of the war.

An eligible individual who is no longer a member of an organization with which the award was earned may obtain an arrowhead by submitting an affidavit to his present commanding officer.

Midnight communique

Tonights communique from the Bride's front read as follows:

After a preliminary engagement the bridegroom delivered a short attack along the whole front as planned.

Following a hand encounter, the bride retired to a new position, after strong resistance the bridegroom made a surprise attack in the rear, followed by a pincer movement with another strong frontal attack. Here the bride made a stand and several deep thrusts were made into the brides territory. After a prolonged struggle the bridegroom forced a narrow passage into a gap in the central sector and, having broken the bride's communications, made a strategic withdrawal with a heavy loss of materials.

Moping up operations are now in progress.



ESTHER WILLIAMS, I MEAN THE PICTURE, INTEND BEING HERE FOR XMAS BUT SANTA CLAUS JUST COULDN'T PART WITH SUCH A LUCIOUS CHASIS STOOD UP WELL UNDER THE OLD WEATHER, DIDN'T IT?

Saga of thee sea

S. S. Satterlee Rammed

If you think sailing the Pacific is any easy matter, Mister, then you've been misinformed. It's one of the toughest bodies of water you've ever encountered, especially around Catalina. Let me tell you what happened to the trimmest little craft that ever sailed the Cold Coast—S. S. Satterlee.

She was, to my way of thinking, the best little ketch on the Pacific — narrow of beam, well rounded stern — she was built for speed as well as endurance. Some say she was inclined to rock and roll a bit when under way, but I wouldn't know as I was ~~new~~ on her. But, after all, any ~~good~~ sailor enjoys the motion. All I know is that she was made the of finest timber you could find, and without a doubt was the best piece of ash afloat. And ask anyone who'd been on her how she handled.

Mister, she was like a dream! She'd respond immediately to the lightest pressure on her tiller. When it came to buffing her up, she just couldn't be beat. Now you wouldn't think a little beauty like her could get in trouble, but she did.

Out cruising one day, she ran afoul of a big frigate, the S. S. Flynn, as I recall. Before she knew it, the Flynn was bearing down on her rapidly, and without warning, rammed it's bowsprit right through her open porthole. With a convulsive shudder, she rolled over and settled on her bottom. Before the Flynn could withdraw, the damage was done, and her scuppers were completely flooded. They say the Flynn is being sued, but I don't think a thing can be done. Anyone who's been floating around as long as the S. S. Satterlee ought to know that when the going gets rough, it is time to secure the portholes. Besides, I think she's a bit careless. She's been rammed before, you know.

VET'S CONSOLATION

The primary job for all of us today is destroying the enemy and most of our thought are given over to outsmarting Jerry, figuring out a scheme to keep as dry and warm as possible in a winter war, or simply staying alive. But during the breaks and the lulls the question crops up again — will we get jobs when we get home or will all the jobs be taken?

Meeting recently in Chicago to discuss that very problem, a group of large and small businessmen from every state in the Union, told newsmen that the boys in the service need not worry on that score. There will be jobs when they return.

"I think that industry will show great preference for the veterans," said labor specialist William F. Habor, of the War Mobilization and Reconversion Bureau. "Even those without re-employment rights will get top consideration."

George E. Ijams, an assistant director in the Vet set-up in Washington, expressed hope that soldiers returning from this war will step in and fill the jobs left by aging 1918 men who have been at work helping the soldiers since the end of the last war.

Echoing Ijams' hope and saying that there are plenty of good jobs open in the veterans administration for men with non-disabling wounds, Claims administrator Omar W. Clark promised that his branch will "lean over backwards" in giving World War II soldiers the break on borderline cases of claims.

The veteran who has given time out of his life in the service of his country shall be given every legitimate help in making up what was lost, Clark said.

THE STATIC LINE

A HELLUVA PUBLICATION SWEATED OUT WHENEVER AND WHEREVER POSSIBLE BY YOUR SPECIAL SERVICE OFFICE

BELGIUM, JANUARY 1945.

LT. SAM H. BAILEY Special Service Officer

BOB DEBNAM,

Editor

LARRY WARNER,

Assoc. Editor

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Another New Year away from home. It's hell isn't it. This sure has put a mess of rumors in the dead file, and it's better that they are. Where ever we are, in a so called rest area or in combat the rumors are the things that make staying away from home just that much harder. We know all of the people who are waiting for us over there miss us more than ever this time of year and it's much more difficult for us to think rationally about this business of ridding these foreign countries of the Nazi plague. We want to get back where the people think and talk the same as we do and drink the same liquor. Lotteries come and go and leave in their wake a few disappointments, rotation and rumors of rotation raise and lower our hopes. The champagne is good, but we always think how much better it would taste with that certain pair of eyes across the table with a background of music played by your favorite orchestra in the flesh.

Yes, we all feel like that. Still in the back of each of our minds there is no doubt but that if the war should last for ten years we would stay here and fight so that our children won't have to make the same trip a few years hence. I mean the fellows whose children will be or are born in the States.

We've always done a hell of a good job, let's do a better one now. Cooperate with everyone, regardless of personal feelings and, if the good luck holds, we may be home by next year.

Old stuff in a new way

It was Christmas time in Hollywood and elsewhere, and a soldier didn't want to put all his trust in Santa Claus, having heard some latrine rumor that the old joker was a figment of mind taking all this into account, he inserted an ad in a Los Angeles paper in the personal column, addressed to Jean Rogers. It read:

WANTED FOR CHRISTMAS by a soldier who does not smoke, drink, chew, or like to get out of bed, one sweeter girl about your size, if unable to make it yourself, shop around for reasonable facsimile for me. Reason: Obvious!

Milton Berle and Mary Beth Hughes are in a new picture called *Margin for Error*. Mary Beth, judging from the way her bra bulges, is the margin, and if Berle overlooks it—that's the error.

Rationing, says Bob Hope, has its good points. There used to be a tune which said something about *Let's have another cup of coffee, let's have another piece of pie.* Coffee is out, so there's no need for the cup. Sugar is hard to get, thus the pie falls by the wayside. Now, if you'll check closely with what's left, life ain't so bad, is it?

After hearing about Maurice Chevalier's necking with the Nazis, Sid Grauman of the foot-printed forecourt Chinese theater in Hollywood, has been having lobby trouble. Seems all the footprints next to the lippy Frenchman's wanted to get up and walk away!

Jack Oakie claims the rate at which Henry J. Kaiser is building and launching ships, it's such a drain on the champagne supply, Uncle Samuel is thinking about subbing with soda *« pops »*.

Frances Dee is so proud of her sixth sense. The other night she was enroute downtown to see a show, but something impelled her to turn back. When she got home, the garage was on fire. That wouldn't take a sixth sense in the Alabama area, where any girl could show up and several guys would be on fire!

Just think, mates, Lana Turner had a baby! There's a lucky little rascal for you! The young 'un may not know where its next meal is coming from, but we've all thought it over.

These past few months, seeing a man with a blanket in New York, means he's going to a football game. In Hollywood, it means his week's up. In the parachute premises, it means the girl is particular.

Bing Crosby declares the Hollywood hotel situation is frightful. Guy can hardly manage to get a room anywhere, even if he tries to check in without a girl.

Dorothy Lamour is about to come out modelling a chute-suit, a fetchy, eye-catching thing. The skirt is guaranteed to blow up and show her suspension lines in a three-mile ground wind.

Murgie Hart, the strip-teaser now out of work because her show was closed by the judge in New York, likes to dash home at night pull off her stockings and shoes and run around barefooted. She says she's trying to equalize her epidermal exposure, and her tootsies are the only things she persists in keeping covered in her professional day.

Ann Sheridan has a ranch in Encino, Cal. which she is determined to make self-sufficient. If it doesn't work out, since she's in a divorcing mood with George Brent, she'll probably consult a real estate agent and divorce herself from the acreage for non-support.

A paratrooper was looking at the picture of Rita Hayworth's latest, *« You Were Never Lovelier »*, and muttered: *« Maybe not, but I had you a helluva lot closer in a dream the other night. »*

Red Skelton was telling about the old kiddie toe-prattle which winds up with, *« This little piece wee-wee all the way home »*. One of the jump-boot crowd was listening.

« Good thing the MP's didn't catch him, » he said.

Opening shocks

This Englishman had never heard a limrick and asked his American friend to tell him one:

There was a young man named Skinner

Who invited a lady to dinner At a quarter to nine

They were ready to dine At a quarter to ten it was in her

Not Skinner was in her, the dinner was in her

Skinner was in her before dinner.

Upon returning to England, he was telling his friends about the very odd type of joke called the limrick, and offered to repeat one he had heard.

There was a young man named Tupper

Who invited a lady to supper At a quarter to nine they were ready to dine

At a quarter to ten it was up her, Not tupper was up her, some damn guy named Skinner

got in there somehow.

Two young sailors were walking down the street in Honolulu in Aala part (red light). A girl stuck her head out of a window and said, *« come on in, fellows »*, they kept right on walking. Again, *« Come on up, boys, and I'll give you something you've never had before. »* Still no answer, and still they kept right on walking. After about a block one sailor said to the other, *« what do you suppose she had, leprosy? »*

There was a little boy that wouldn't eat a damned thing but raw eggs — that's all he would eat at any time. His mother got worried about him and went to the doctor and told him about it. The doctor told her to go home — break an egg at the end and let the yolk of the egg run out and put it back in the icebox and when the boy came in and broke the egg and found nothing in it, that would break him of the habit of eating nothing but raw eggs. Sooooo, the mother goes home, breaks the end of the egg and drains out the yolk and puts the egg back in the icebox. Not long afterward the little boy runs in the house from playing, grabs up the egg, breaks it in half, and when nothing comes out, he looks rather disgusted, runs out in the yard and grabs two roosters by the neck, looks at them and then other and says... *« I want to know just which one of you sons-of-bitches has been using rubber? »*

Then there was the negro girl that goes walking down the street and passes a negro man. The negro man says *« Hiya, Jello! »* *« How come you all calls me Jello? »* says the negro gal. *« Cause you all is so easy to make, »* replies the man. A few days later the gal passes the same man as she is awaking down the street, and calls out — *« Hiya, Ootmeal! »* Whereupon the negro man wants to know *« How come you all calls me Ootmeal? »* *« Because, »* replies the girl, *« You all is done in three minutes. »*

Prominent woman pleads for floor

« We want what men have, it may not be much but we mean to have it. If we cannot get it without friction, then we will get it with friction. If we cannot get it through, then we will get it thru our own combination, or both if necessary. We refused to be poked in the gallery any longer, but insist on being placed on the floor of the house. We are willing to look up to men, but we do not always want to be down without being able to make a few motions of our own. »

« We want to hold our end up and show men our possibilities when anything arises that will fill our expectations. Nothing that comes up will be too hard for us to handle. The women have always been interested in good movements and will always take the lead that is given us. We are willing to work under the men who have always been above us, in the past even to the point of exhaustion if necessary, but we are beginning to become disgusted with the failures and shortcomings. »

« Never when anything arose that required our attention have we failed to come and come again if the occasion required it, but too often our hopes and strivings have met with feeble performances, which left us disappointed and unsatisfied. How often our efforts to push forward our own end have been met in the house with, « Down with the petticoat! » Now we say, « Up with the petticoat and down with the pants! » Then we will see things in their true light. As long as we women are split as we are, the men will always be on top. »

MORE STUFF

Anything which has to do with equatorial islands has lure for 505, if what Hollywood pictures is true, and girls like Nancy Gates are compelled to run around garbed negligently in table cloths. Nancy's regalia brings up an academic question, which could do with some settling. Emily Post says the place for a table cloth is on the table, to keep it from being un-attractively bare. That would leave Nancy in a spot, but even Emily could hardly describe it as un-attractive!

They are talking marriage for Dorothy Lamour again. This time the guy is a shavetail stationed at that horrible concentration camp of glamour belles, Lake Arrowhead, Cal. Puts him in the position of working all day in the sun, splending most of the night looking at the moon, with his arm around one of the stars.

Whoever gets the job of leading man in *« Girl He Left Behind »* will get an assignment calling for the maximum of desertion. Girls in the movie will be Alice Faye, Carmen Miranda, and Linda Darnell. How about some volunteers to police up after him!

Red Skelton says holding hands may be silly, but it has its advantages. It's pretty hard to get your face slapped—unless the dames are ganging up on you. (But there aren't enough in France o do that.)

There's a movie title out now—*« That Uncertain Feeling. »* It's a misnomer. The feeling is always certain, it's whether or not it'll be reduced that's uncertain.

Jeanette MacDonald is about to sign up for the role of Juliet in the Metropolitan Opera. With the news that a streamlined figure was finally going to get the balcony, the Met carpenters breathed a sigh of relief. They used to have to reinforce the balcony to carry the weight of the fat and forty-plus dames who sang the part, and the dames had to be reinforced with whalebone to keep from bulging in all the wrong places.

Jean Arthur is doing a thing called *« A Lady Takes a Chance »*, which involves her taking a bus ride vacation on some \$139 she has saved. The chance is her meeting swashbuckling John Wayne, not a bunch of 505ers riding the bus going somewhere on furlough. Ladies on buses when 505ers take furloughs are not taking a chance, they're in on a cinch!

While most glamour dolls lay claim to being fire starters, Martha O'Driscoll, who could join them if she wanted to, prefers to be different. She holds the record for being the only one of the number able to put on out. It was her hose work that saved Bing Crosby's place in his recent fire.

When the 4-pairs-of-shoes-a-year edict came out, Irene, MGM's top designer, suggested to get around it that women buy wooden soles, go barefooted, and tie the soles by means of cord laces to their tootsies for sports wear. She does not go on to suggest that well-planted wooden sole can do things to a wooden heel, who wouldn't take no for an answer.

When Bob Taylor went to the board to get his naval (j.g.) lieutenant's commission he save his real name—*« Spangler Brugh. »* Nuff, said the guy behind the desk, *« you look kinda like Robert Taylor to me but I guess there is some difference in your looks at that. »* There's always a difference in Taylor's looks when he's looking at a man.

Dorothy Morris will soon be 21. Bob Hope was inclined to belittle it as an important day in her life. *« So you can vote, »* he said, *« what's that? When you were 18, that was something—the age of consent! »*

When Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom met Lou Nova on a picture set the other day, he said: *« Lou, teach me how to box and I'll teach you how to play Hamlet. »*

Eleanor Powell has a routine she calls *« taptation »*, but give us more of that Gene Tierney type. Eleanor moves fast and rattles her toes on the floor, while Gene moves slowly but with her temptation all over the place.

Milton Berle says Hollywood is a place where you can lie on the beach and look up at the stars, and vice versa.

Jack Oakie was telling of two old maids. Said one: *« Give me a big strong sailor, with two dragons tattooed on his chest. »* Said the other: *« Give me just any paratrooper with one draggin'. »*

Mary Beth Hughes says man wot talks until he's hoarse, is apt to make an ass of himself!

Definate Definitions

- Adultery — Two wrong people doing the right thing.
- Alimony — The screwing you get for the screwing you got.
- Aviatrix — A pilot who can not fly upside down without having a crack up, or right side up without having a bust up.
- Blackout — The reason a girl is apt to get blown into maternity without ever knowing who is responsible.
- Brassiere — A device that makes a mole hill out of a mountain, or vice versa.
- Chivalry — A man's inclination to defend a woman against every man but himself.
- Clergyman — A man who works to beat hell.
- Interlude — The time between times.
- Kept woman — One who wears mink all day and fox all night.
- Mahem — An unnegotiated piece.
- Kiss — Uptown shopping for downtown business - A higher persuasion for lower invasion.
- Minute man — A man who parks double in front of a house of ill repute.
- Nurse — A panhandler.
- Nursery — A place to park last years fun until it grows a bit.
- Old maid — A girl of advanced years who has gone thru life with no hits, no runs, and no errors-presumably.
- Papoose — A consolation prize for taking a change on an indian blanket.
- Passion — A feeling that you feel just before you feel a feeling that you never felt before.
- Pregnance — A woman all swelled up over her husband's handiwork.
- Prostitute — A busy body.
- Rape — Seduction without salesmanship.
- Divorce — What happens when two people cannot stomach each other any longer.
- Glamour girl — A much publicized young lady who is occasionally full of oomph, and frequently full of other things.
- Horse show — A lot of horses showing thier asses to a lot of horses' asses showing thier horses.
- Stockings — Feminine pedal covering that generally neither comes up to milladys expectations, nor tickles her fancy.
- Triplets — Taking seriously that which was poked at you in fun.
- Virgin sheep — One who can run faster than the shepard.
- Weaklin — A girl that means *« no »*, but can't say it.
- Wife — A gadget that you screw on the bed and it does your housework.
- Spring — When a young man's fancy turns to what a woman has been thinking about all winter.
- Baby — Something with a loud noise at one end and a complete lack of control at the other.
- Question — What is the difference between a king and a knight?
- Answer — Once a king, always a king, but once a knight is enough.
- Bed — A workbench for making motors for tricycles.

Sexy Side of the Screen

B. O.

With all the publicity that actor Charles Chaplin is getting, it is obvious that he is one of Hollywood's most patriotic idols -- he's giving his awl out for free -- dom. Once again the WACS stationed in the movie colony are having their troubles again with the movie personnel -- it seems that they are striking for shorter periods and longer drills.

Martha Raye was brought into

court the other day by a serviceman charging attempted murder -- Matha, astounded pleaded "Not Guilty" and said that the closest she came to the soldier boy was to kiss him goodnight -- whereupon the G. I. stripped to the waist and showed a ring of lipstick -- around his waist. He claims that the Mouth Girl became too passionate in kissing and didn't stop at the usual point -- (some guys will never learn).

With The OFFICERS "The Phantom"

Problem in algebra, or is one run Frenchmen equal to one big, bad, paratrooper? Ask Donovan, he carries the answer around for any fool to plainly see... What's YOUR date of rank, or why is Howell next door to the can? Isaac's irresponsible Indians seems G. Company (assisted by Hq 3) is doing everything they can to pave the way for friendly relations among the natives. One of the stunts was an impromptu float parade, consisting of 1 each of: horse cart, 2d Lt, and numerous "Vive la France's". During the great whiskey theft (next time you'll drink it, Qualls), everyone either missed or claimed to miss some of their private stock (including a certain Co Comdr who had all his officers' rations) except one very senior officer in the building, who by some manner, wound up with extra stuff that cheers... In spite of his poor French, his extra politeness and other stuff to the waitresses, one Battalion Commander eats his dried eggs just like the rest of us. Might try procuring your own eggs. Butch, your French just ain't THAT good... Fitz is just so used to sleeping on the hard ground that a bed just ain't good enough for him -- Toland versus Yehudi (leave that damned fuse alone!). Postwar plans -- Coupe plans to be a pitcher -- at least he's practicing with his throwing arm. Tinkle, Tinkle, little light -- what-the-hell -- no electricity anymore... Understand you're allergic to red-heads, Gator? Next time try a cab driver, they are soooo understanding about those things. Just tell them you've been 60 days in the lines and would like to see some curves for a change.

Blackwood's pleasant one to awaken him, one to clean up his room, one to keep his bed warm during the day, one to drink his poor whiskey, one to take care of his clothing, one to sweep the floor, one to steal all McPheeter's stuff, and one overseer, plus two that no one seems to know.

Wonder if he holds revelle in his room or at the barracks... When Scarborough comes around with that old "unsanitary" line of his, point out that that thing he wears under his nose is quite a hazard. After all, Lee, some of these Frenchmen have better ones than you'll ever be able to grow, and we think the galls will prefer the homegrown variety... Anyone seen Saunders lately? Had a report that an aircraft spotter saw him the other night, flying from Paris (ballet show) to Rains (leg show) via Chalon (more legs), at 2000 feet with his flaps down and tail up, in a jumping attitude.

REGT. HQS COMPANY

Sgt George HUSTON

Back again, and I hope that I can do a better job this time than last time. My apologies for that last one... Happy's Gillette's new title is Uncle Bobbie... we happily but sadly say goodbye to lucky "Curly" Allen who ought to be well on his way to that far-distant land of America by now... Kielmer and Boucher make steady trips in the direction of Sulphur-we wonder why... some people have snowjobs that work anywhere... Papa has lost his reputation over here and /e can't understand it because there seem to be plenty of old women hereabouts... maybe he'd better join McNealy, and Philbin in that French class -- I guess their trip to Paris convinced them that English wasn't quite adequate around here... congrats to T/Sgt Burrer on his recent elevation... Will Stewart and Turner ever get a divorce?... Jensen's present theme song is "I wonder who's kissing her now"... we do hope though that he can find a press shop... veteran Stanley using her money and his brains kept one Paris beauty from being thirsty... I wonder if she ever missed it (the money, I mean)... all wounded and RE's were received with open arms although "Wild Bill" Morang (only man in demolition) had a slight delay due to guardhouse trouble... Fitzgerald hopes that he's as lucky as Allen with that PU job and if he is, I'm next on it...! General Blanchard's buddies in the Radio Section got together on the code machine and fixed up a rather heart-rocking telegram... that reminds me of a story... it seems that a pretty little Jewish girl from Lower East Side was effectively seduced by a neighbor's boy. Her old man when he discovered her condition and who caused her condition went next door and started raising hell. The boy's old man was a good "Joe" because he said, "I'll tell you what, Isaac. If it's a boy I'll give you \$5,000, if it's a girl I'll give you \$2,000." Old Isaac said, "Would you mind saying that again, Benny." "I said, if it's a boy I'll give you \$5,000, and if it's a girl I'll give you \$2,000." Says Isaac, "And what do you say, if it's a miscarriage, does she get another chance?"... 3rd Squad Demolition has generously offered to teach Fraley how to live life's lovelier moments at his own expense... somebody's getting rooked... McDavid swears he can't speak a word of French but that must be when he's sober because he has full control of the "zig-zag" problem when he's drunk... Luis Mendieta has started using the touch typing system instead of the old reliable "hunt and peck"... Johnny Grogan's dog-rob-

ber "Junior" Potter is effectively convincing everyone that he is the man who can do the mostest fastest... "Is it no amazing" Sgt. Wolin's excited comment... If ol "Mac" keeps up his good work, he may yet inherit Nigra's discarded stripes... W. Smit (S-2) is still sweating out his Hollandise escapades... our company has turned pretty athletic

lately with more members on the camp football team than any other company, four-fifths of basketball team and 50 % of the Glee Club (voice athletic, isn't it?)... It's truly surprising considering all the worn-out old fossils around here. Some people will work harder to get out of work than they would if they worked... So long till next issue.

FIRST BATTALION

HQ. COMPANY

High Gears', "Moter" platoon, despite a two machine gun one communication handicap, dashed. A Companies' hopes in the Bn. Softball league... 119 "Farrish probably didn't have dick to do with it?"

"Bazooka" Bates and his eight balls took the Company ball contest but they didn't get "Hurth" in the game so that's the explanation. And after Comme let Polly play! Even sportsmanship doesn't call for sacrifice like that.

We have all been fascinated by the "...V" "Ital" "...D" "...D" details about gay Paree. It seems the percentage is what gets you. It's a hundred. Even four jump men are sticking to sight-seeing. What sites? An Eiffel here; an Eifel there.

"Knobble" sends a man to the you essay and then gripes about not getting that extra ticket to Ward 13. He still thinks we believe that old saw about the "three musketeers". Anybody knows Igoo has a brudder in that hospital -- who can write.

It seems that some one is dribbling around these days reciting poetry. The famous army ode; "Oh Captain! My Captain!"

Red "JB" Connelly got took for thirty five dollars in the cheapest "crap game" of all. A thousand francs a lick is pretty expensive crapping. P.S. Even two days swimming in the cesspool didn't get a refund.

Two trains of thought are sweating out a return to Blighty. Some did and some didn't; some do and some don't. The situation is "pregnant" with possibilities for all concerned.

Congrats; to Cox on the nice work he did in England. It weights seven pounds. --- to Fabin for being the best man in the company. What "housebroken" dog claims the supply room isn't a house? What price lovin'?

"Jolly jack" Harman claims he's going on the stage -- two campaigns should rate a membership in the guild. Attest. J. is as good as "Gator Bait", St. atton.

The company should rate an "A" in "wearing of the uniform"; what with all the boot shining during the bond drive. Everyone was very hepped up over the whole thing -- even Polly kicked in -- he has a class B deduction.

The cooks have taken this glider business too seriously. Even the chicken is "airborne" the days -- all wings.

Sgt. THOMPSON.

"A" COMPANY

Well fellows here's yea ole reporter back on the job after a few months of laying off. I'm a little rusty, but still up to date on the latest poop, so here goes.

William E. Pigie hits the high lights this time with an amazing story he brought in from town/ It

seems that Pigie was in a French Pub the other night drinking that stuff they call beer over here. when in walked a very young lady. Three years old to be exact. Pigie said it nearly knocked him off his feet to find out that that youngster could speak perfect French, and he could hardly speak a word at the age of twenty five.

1st/Sgt. Clifford W. Schrader never tells anyone what his middle name is, but a guy in 3rd Bn. said that he thought it must be "Whistle" because every time Schrader fell "A" Company out the whole darn camp could hear it as if it were a whistle.

It seems as if S/Sgt. Bill Owens is the only man in the Company who has been able to find himself a home in France. The reason is a secret, but I'll let you in on it. She's a Collaborator so they have something in common.

"Wild Cat" Bullington and Oscar "I herd sheep" Queen were arguing in a friendly Bar one night over what kind of drink they were drinking. Wild Cat said it was the best Champagne he had ever drank. Oscar said H-1 it's Cognac. The waiter came over to their table and said "more cider boys?"

Sgt McAteer went over to the medics the other day on sick call. When the doctor ask him what the trouble was he said, "Doc, My nose is all stopped up... The doctor looked at him with anger and said, "What the hell do you think I am a plumber."

Pfc. Vincent Calandrino, the ex Sicilian racketeer, and now "A" Company Clip Artist has been loosing weight here lately. It seems that Pfc. LeMaire has been beating his time with the Col. now that we are out of the Dago speaking countries.

The story goes that S/Sgt. J/J "Quack Quack" Jampa "A" Company's Zig Zig Kid, asked for the 32 easy lessons in Paree. Instead he got the \$ 64.00 question, and was begging for help before S/Sgt. Wanclo could throw in the towel.

Cpl. Darrel J. Frnaks once in the profession of public mourning, was in a cote the other day, when the notion hit him that he had to GO. He called her waiters over and asked her if they had a Toilet. She answered, "WEE WEE" Frnaks blushed and said "Hell No, and if you got to get that personal about it, I'll dig a slit trench some place."

Boys heres one for Ripley's "Believe it or Not" Lt. Otto missed his Chow the other night so as to make a French Dance on time. At least that's what he said.

Lt. May was walking across the big drill grounds the other day when a private walked up to him, and asked him where the Red Cross was. Lt. May said, "Now you go down here to the round about, and turn left, pass three big buildings on the right, and you go a little farther. You really cawn't miss it. Wonder whe he got that from."

Well since "A" Company didn't win any of the trips to the States,

"B" COMPANY

From what I had been hearing, the Static Line was to be no more, but due do some hard working S.S. boys the badly needed paper was obtained, and here we are again with some inside dope, slop and crap.

I'll bet that nobody knows what good lookin' sergeant in the 2nd platoon has a wife that now get this-- proposed to him. He's known to his intimate friends as "Bombshelter".

PARIS--ah, what a place. Since the last issue some of the boys have had a chance to see Gay Paree, and the stories they brought back--gola la. Wine, women and song, all you can take, and from what I hear they can give you plenty. The dames really go in for expensive clothes--of course that's when they wear clothes. But what they really go in for is your dough, and to the boys that havn't gone yet, better take along at least a "C" note and even that won't last long.

Sgt. "Dribble-Dribble" Peters is now coaching the battalion basketball team, and with a few members from our company represented we can't fail to win the regimental championship.

For heaven's sake boys, I know its dark as hell when you go out to take your morning leak but pul-lease watch where you drain your rod. I know for sure that one lad from this company got soaking wet while moving his bowels. And he is still looking for the guy that sprayed him.

"Slopstolas" the Greek has fallen in love again. This time its Drucislla--you know that Red Cross chick. Really Miss Evans its true love. Gee.

Its seems that B Co. is becoming a hangout for vice and corruption. We already have our rum runners and organized dice set up and ready to go--now if someone can transport a few French dolls up to the dayroom each nite, we'd be all set--for a raid.

Is it true that "Goosey" McFadden is gettin a pair of steel shorts made? Whatsa matter dont you trust us Charles dear.

Cpl. Massey is wondering why they call him "Oak Tree" Massey. A man's got to have points hasn't he.

Say when is "Pappy" Heath going to make Pfc. anymaw. We can hardly live with the guy anymore. He says Pfc's are nothing--it must be nothing (but a discharge).

I wish I knew the story about Peoples and Earnst. It so happens that every time they go out together they come back with more jack then they started with. How come boys?

So far there hasn't been any calls received at the orderly room, so I guess Louy's still the toughest guy we've got around these parts.

What corporal gets letters from his girl in England that always seems to say "When are you going to take me back to the states with you, Al"

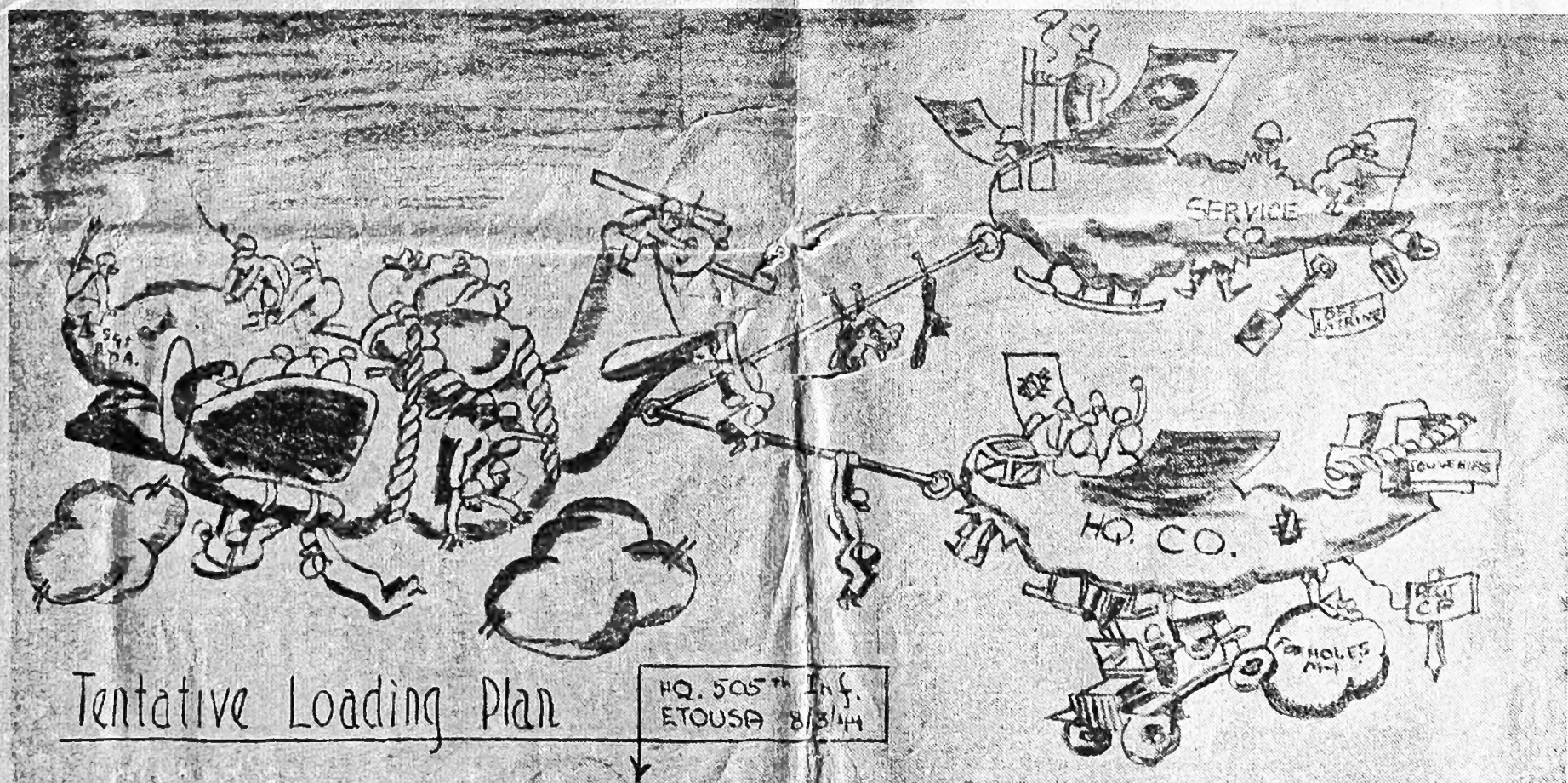
Daily Observations:

Beardsley and Daggs--and their memories of England. Blackie and the stoves--you cant tell whos who after he's done building the fire.

Jr. Jones and Mac-but who's sleeping with who. Cant tell at nite you know.

Rhodes and Mallis--a room, two beds and one girl. I wonder what it is that Rhodes had. Jackson and James--What a racket.

Finnegan and his bitching--



Tentative Loading Plan

H.Q. 505th INF.
ETOUSIA 8/3/44



"C" COMPANY

BY CLAM WINKLE

PARIS! PARIS! PARIS! Oh brother what tales some of these G.I.'s tell. The fellows that went the first time, want to go again in a hurry, and the fellows that haven't gone, can't sit still. What did Scarbrough do in the two days he was in Paris? He lost about ten pounds (flesh not money) and could just about walk when he got back. But he claims he will be in fighting shape for the next pass. What happen to Zeitner the first night? Warwick claims he also had a good time in Paris.

The ROTATION has finally come to the 82nd, and Sgt Clyde Hein was the lucky man from this company. He was one of the best non com's we had, and he well deserve the trip home. Warwick says he had a good time in Paris.

By the time this is read every one will know who went home with the bonds. But at the present time there is more hoping and praying being done than on any of the combat jumps that we made. Even Donahue is being a "good little boy", he still believes in Santa Clause, poor kid. Warwick wants to go again.

Has any one in the 505 a set of old false teeth that they don't need? If so contact Sgt. Falter or Cpl. Oaken of this Company The Frenchman are starting to ask them some embarrassing questions.

Warwick had a good time in Paris. Advice on how to get along with the French women given FREE by Shack Rat Allen, also what to do when you get mad at them by Zeitner. What did Farley's girl do, when he told her to go marry the sailor? To bad Joe, you shouldn't have told her that. Warwick wants to go to Paris again.

Who are the biggest chow hounds in the company? Some men say the second squad of the second platoon, and I am inclined to agree with them. The second squad doesn't have just one or two men in the front of the line, but the whole squad gets there first. But they haven't got a thing on the first three graders, who usually go to chow thirty minutes before any one else.

Christmas is a ready gone and so far our Christmas package's haven't started to come in. I hope it doesn't turn out like last year.

Unsolved Mystery: Who the HELL hit Mahoney in the mouth? Why is Kohler's hand all swollen? Why does Allen like to go Reims for the mail?

Before closing I wish to say HAPPY NEW YEAR to all the men in Company "C", and they in return to all the men in the 505. And won't some one please give Warwick a pass to Paris.

SECOND BATTALION

HQ. COMPANY

The New Years season in once more upon us, bringing memories of Ireland, Alabama, and vague half-forgotten other New Years This year, France... and where away next year?

Sgt. Smith is learning French to add to his already fluent understanding of English. "Chevrolet Coupé" "Lincoln Highway" "Mademoiselle", you know what. We wonder if Sgt. Wolz is still looking for that seventeen dollars he lost back in Alabama? And who remembers why the "Desertcent Roys", call him Cookstown? What mortar corporal was found with Sgt. stripes in his barracks bag? Better look out Wolz!

This season finds the lads of the machine gun platoon playing with their simple toys on the floor — "big dick from Boston — seven or eleven! Always the Athletic type. The Mortar and Comm. platoon seem to be lagging behind in the fields of athletic endeavor. We hope they put forth some effort and try to catch up.

The company has its quota of men waiting still beside their eight pounds of luggage wondering what happened to the lottery. "Hair today and gone tomorrow." Brown bought a grand worth of bonds only to be sneered at by the fickle goddess. While he was doing this Sgt. Syrene underwent the coolest spell of the season losing the old roll without losing the cubes. Eight hundred bucks!

The bazookas lost one-half of their endless argument when "sunshine" Yelvington transferred

red to the staff. Also of the staff — The "Hook", otherwise known as Avadanian, having finished a successful football season (betting) is now trying to get bowl bets. Help him out fellows. He'll give you Tennessee and forty points.

The Champagne bowl at Reims is being played the first. Come out and give the boys some support. As usual the second battalion leads in the number of men on the team. And keep your eye on that second En. basketball team. Larry James and "Curly" Ruddock are displaying a redhot brand of ball.

The Olivetti just came apart so we'll stop for now. Merry Christmas.

GEORGE CRUTHIRDS

"D" COMPANY

Frank Sluga, the only man besides Joe Speck to ever successfully smoke a cigar under the shower, has finally made Pfc after long years in the Army. He also won the Silver Star in Holland for bravery. We can see why because the only death Sluga is worried about is starvation. Wilkerson is in the hospital for a slight alteration of his essential business. He says that he would rather lose a leg, because in Rheims, one doesn't use a leg nearly as often.

Red Downs was just one of the boys who were up burning the midnight oil unpacking their barracks bags on the night of the 13th. It seems as if a lot of boys were indulging in a bit of wishful thinking. What is this we here about Cpl. Happy Rach turning dogrobber to the great Skolek? His chief duties in this capacity are bringing Big

Joel's breakfast to him in bed, making this bed, and pressing the big boys O.D.s. What gives, we know that is isn't an election bet.

Some of the boys, namely Connors and Duwalle, are already sweating out K.P. on Christmas day. The Polacks, Flins, Rooshians, coming to the front in the vicinity through their ability to speak the local lingo and consequently cornering the liquor market. Rustari, Olszewski, Stinky Kotlarz leading the big time operators. Yahoo Jaklela is sure have a hell of a time with that broom.

Once again several of the boys are getting the "Dear John" letters from what used to be their girl friends or wives at home. Understand that the same lads are contemplating a big bust in the near future. I have long been the advocate of bigger and better drinking jousts, but damned if I would use that as an excuse. If they are good enough to wait, they arent good enough to remember.

The boys who think they left their hearts in England are still pining. Riley, Stradley, Stevens, and Rosa, still the leading torch-bearers. Reminds me of the story of the American girl who indignantly wrote her boyfriend in England asking him what the English girls had that the American girls hadn't. The hero blandly replied, "Nothing, honey, but they have it over here". Which brings to mind the thought that if we ever get back to the States and see some real class again if their memories will be so good. Frankly, we doubt it.

In case anybody didn't know it, we have two singers in the company, just ask them they will tell you. Young and verona, however are pretty discouraged now but the boys have radios in their rooms. Strangely, the boys prefer listening to Sinatra or Crosby than our own intrepid troubadours, and it pains them deeply.

He choicest item of the week concerns Al Barger. This frustrated Casanova, getting ready to attend the last dance at Chalons, digs deep into his B bag, and comes up with an item that the rest of us only use for showdown inspections. After standing in the nude for some minutes powdering and perfuming his body, he unconcernedly steps into this thing. Imagine our shock and surprise when we recognized the damn thing as the GI jock strap. That is carrying this business of being a gentleman to damn far.

"E" COMPANY

BY CPL. JOLICOEUR

This is my first editions fellows so bear with me awhile, will do my best to dig up the dirt and gossip. Ed Slavin left a pretty big pair of shoes to fill when he left for the States. These poor French girls — never to have known him. Sex or seven times, OH.

Brokaw at Woodhouse Eves in Paris (his hic) and ??? Epps is sweating it out and now "Scabbies" he calls it. Bug powder, ointment, what have you, bring it around, room 10.

"Direct order" Marino gives in the park, quote "Shoot that S.O.B." remember?

Lieut. (Hammond) Hamulase got troubles, damn this french money. How much this time?

Private "B. T. O." Barone "PFC" is too much responsibility. I wonder "Romeo" Fields and all those

cherries he found in Holland. Will he fall on any here?

A private confab with the first Sgt. "Hoss, I understand you like to get back to the States." "Hell no says Hoss, I want to get back to the 48th General." Oh Mable.

Who's the quiz kid, Cpl. in the third platoon, second squad, room 12, and why can't he get "5" for once with all that mopping and polishing. Keep it up, si maybe he will break down soon.

How many wish they were in Sgt. Louise Yarchak's place, back in the States now? All those beautiful girls, whiskey and fights with the four "F"s and he will have them. Good luck Lou, you have earned it.

Flash — "Hobo" Robinette loses out in Laugborough to the old man with the fff. She should have seen his pockets after the black jack game pay day. OO la la.

Famous Sayings —

Button — "I'll raise you ten. Pack — Only five or six hundred tonight.

Michael Mulligan never did that Costle "Me brodder in New Jolsey" Lynck, I'm browned off now. Lieut. Base, any hot poop.

John Steel, I'm the fattest little bastard in the company.

Johnson, I didn't think that one was on record.

Robinette, I'm sick.

Sgt. Rhea — "Hoss, Have you checked on my rockers lately?"

Ronan, It's sensational, more sgts. Less Privates.

Well fellows, now I am open for suggestions, have you any scandal you would like printed — about the other guys — come in and see me some time.

PS Epps is asking for shoe Impri-gate.

THIRD BATTALION

HQ. COMPANY

From Regt. S. to company Scandal monger in two short days, or educated in the BIG HOUSE. Rumor has it our C. O. is going to hold reveille in the Local Lockup.

Latest reports from Paree, from the big boys, quote, The scenes are indescribable. The Liquor is plentiful, and the Women, AH, Such Artists, Unquote. What prominent character in the 3rd Bn. delved into the Nite Life of Paris and upset everything, including a few of his so called brethren. Need I say any more. In all respects however our men came to an unanimous conclusion that Paris is a must on anyone list.

The Intelligence section, "Mutes", to you Lower Classes are again happy. Their idol Sgt. Ellis, Master of the art of living, is again back at his station. What fair cheeked boy, and I do mean fair, has a leering monster. Now Sgt Campbell following him with such avaricious eyes? Could it be that it reminds him of his brother. This reporter thinks not.

Memo to Pop Heydt: If said person would investigate rear window before checking front door, the result would be most astonishing. A word to the wise is sufficient. Cpl. Cridd and six men have a very unusual experience. While walking through a certain building, this confronted them. A beautiful woman is the process of a strip tease, so they say, and not one of said stalwarts blinked an eye, SO THEY SAY.

Three TD's noticed at court. Could be liking for court procedure or is it sweating out their buddies. All is quiet on the Mortar men's front. Must be that they stay in seclusion so much that nothing ever happens to them. By next week ho-forthcoming.

Whether some choice gossip should be seeing the good old U. S. again, three lucky men will no doubt be.

By the time this goes to press, May there trip be pleasant and every moment enjoyed to the utmost.

"G" COMPANY

We're all sorry to lose that popular kid from Delancey Street, S/Sgt. Jockel, our supply Sgt., who has been transferred to Bn. S-4. As the French say, "Bonne chance et Au Plaisir".

Sgt. Du Pont's recent visit to Paris proved very educational to him, he learned to say, "Je Voudrais rester pour la nuit Mademoiselle. Combien?" "I'll bet you don't send this Static line home Hoppy.

The quip of the week was made by Capt. Isaacs, "This character has all the characteristics of a character".

S/Sgt (Curly) Fritts our erst-while first soldier was overheard mumbling, "Now I know why Tony went crazy".

Sgt. (Voice) Beaty hits the spot light once more. Women have chased him from Africa to Holland but when they come from Paris to Reims ??? and ???

Sgt. (Hardtack) Johnson leads a hard life. On C/Q/ on thanksgiving day, back on C. Q. Sunday, guard duty the following Sunday. He volunteered for C. P. this week end.

Pvt. Toth is still trying to figure out how the Doc massaged his crutch with both of his hands on the back of Toth's shoulders. ...e don't blame you for looking around Toth, it pays to be cautious.

Acting Pfc. Whicker is wondering why all the crap games start at his bunk. After returning from a tire-some tour of guard he usually has to fight his way to his scaffold (Sack).

Pvt. Cullen says that he's seen more hair on bacon than there is under Pvt. Will's nose. Keep plugging kid, Rome wasn't built in a day.

A word to the wise is sufficient: When going to the latrine at night, if you don't have a flashlight, use some other means such as singing or whistling to give your position away. Remember the flood in Holland!

Pvt. (Mouth) Diffin isn't as mouthy as he used to be, could it be

last weeks Static Line?

Pvt. (Red) Alway must have seniority in the Platoon, he (always) ends up on Sunday K. P.

So Pvt. Schwellert has finally lost it and we don't mean his little yellow basket.

Hey Blank, what's that on Alice's finger? It ain't they.

For saffety sake, don't anyone ask Pvt. Lambdin for the time.

Pvt. Dostle the Boston kid has finally returned from his vacation in England. What was your hurry Dostle?

Pvt. Kullifay, the 3rd Platoon clown is running short of morphine since the 1st aid packets were picked up. He seems to be attracted to a Mayor's daughter. (She must have morphine on stock).

Pvt. Heal seems to get lonesome for the Company now that he's on C. P. duty. He even calls up in the middle of the night, he lets his imagination run away with him in his conversations.

Pvt. Pate seems to be having a stinking good time at his work, but what's the reason for closing shop one day out of the week?

Pvt. Pradmore has six years and eleven months to go for the seven year itch.

"H" COMPANY

Congratulations to: Capt. Maness, now Bn. Exec.; Lt. Fitzgerald, now C/O; Lt. Roberts, now Exec. from Co. I. What Sgt. didn't believe that the other fellow was from Texas but now carries proof on his puss?

Also with envious eyes and hearty handclasp we wish Buck Knauff lots of luck as he left for the States. We don't mind much tho, 'cause sometimes there lots of work on these advance details. S/Sgt. Brandt vows that Paree is heaven but the Period of sweating before and after is hell. We welcome back Sam Derrick an old timer that was injured in Normandy. What pit. Sgt. of the 3rd plt. took up a collection from the party of the 2nd part for a party. Last news is that the party of the 1st part bought a 1,000 dollar war bond. Some Party! From our dpt. of misinformation comes the following facts and figures: It takes exactly 13 hrs after time of departure from the I. P. in the latrine for a rumor to come back in an almost official nature. So in view of the last findings the dept. would like to pass on to whom it may concern the following news; All the old timers have a limited time only to catch up on their French cause we're headed for the States Shortly.

Pvt. Connell, poet laureate of the company, has a hammer and a piece of wire that unquestioningly admits him to any performance here in the post. What sleepy communication Sgt. whose only vocabulary in French is A sack? Since this strenuous training has begun, Cpl. O Buck only needs two belts to hold his stomach up. Our staterelation informs us that the chances of reaching the Mess Hall from our rooms with no fatalities is slim, reasons being the following, respectively chowcall, steps, and slippery roads. At this writing however no one has been killed outright.

Pvt. Joseph Wright, the mooning meanie of the 3rd plt. whose brief career as a Non-Commission Officer ended the night he regurgitate on Lt. Ziegler's bag (field canvas) in Naples, and more recently N.C.O. canine purloiner (dog robber) is reported to be having a recurrence of his trick knee. Will it take Joe to the States?

Consult this column in the next issue.

"J" COMPANY

by Sgt. "TOMMY THOMPSON" This week finds us mourning the loss of about the best fella in this mans army, and by far the best First Sergeant, That's Right fella, Sgt. Melvin, known by everyone as "MEL". Why things just dont seem right without his familiar "CHEEROOWW"! But heres to the former First Soldier and may he find a little peace in his new position as Regt Sgt/Major. And we also extend our warm and hearty welcome to M/Sgt Ward. We have always marveled

at your wonderful work at Regt. and feel sure that you will do the same here as our "Top-Kick". ...hat we want to say is just "Welcome, Pardner, anytime, the latch-string is always out!"

Now that two of the outstanding five "Romeos" have "Spread their Charms" in Gay Paree, the APO is feeling the weight of increased mail. That's right, Jim Stald and haus scored again as la Casablanca, Naples, Belfast, Glasgow and Nitnegan Sgt. "Fis" Mc Daniel and Nitnegan the girls have hopelessly fallen for those two dashing boys. Ah! What a pair. I repeat, "What a pair!"

And spaking of "Fish", that guy passes out at 2130 hour on his first nite in Paris!!! Nuff said! at 9:30, and in Paris.

I'm sure that you've all heard of Dash, "Crash", Smash and "HASH". Then there is another pair, "Twinkletoes" and "Big Nose". We have "Hash" and "Big Nose" Boy, Barnum doesn't know what he missed when he was in Stebenville, or Stupidville, now which is it?? Come in sometime and hear his two favorites, the one about "Indian Springs" and the "Coast Guard". Good Boy this Harry-hope he gets another "V-Mail" from Pat soon. His conscience has been bothering him a lot lately, something he "found" down on "Water Street" I suppose.

The past few hours have been very peaceful and quite, the "Fish" is on sick call, "The Duke" is on Guard and S/Sgt Morrissey hasn't been in for over an hour, but don't worry he will be here, and as usual he will leave the door open??

...e offer a warm welcome to Sgt Bill Reynolds and Senor Arturo Candelaria on their return from that "Rest Home" in "Reims". Also, we are looking forward to "Mike" and "ZU ZU's" return home.

Well of all things, Sgt. "BO BO" Nelson just received a shipment of his favorite literature from home, "Blue Bolt" and "Superman". Butts on em kid!!!!

Well so long fella, I've run out of dirt. Howsa bout helping us out some on these gripes? Just drop in and leave a note with the "Duke". By the way I assure no responsibility for this column. Blame it on "The Duke". I'm just pinch-hitting for him.

I know I should mention the fight, or brawl, in which one of our out-standing young men so bravely participated, (and one got the HELL knocked out of him), but I've been on the "Carpet" before, and for the same thing! Once is enough.

Say, have you figured out that "Rotation Plan" yet? if so, tell us how it works! At this rate, I have four years yet.

MEDICAL DETACHMENT

For the first time since the 505 left the States the Medical Detachment is billeted (English for bunked) in the same house. Upon arriving overseas, many 88s ago, we were divided into Regt. and Bn. Sections and most of the time following we stayed with our various companies be it time of combat or otherwise.

During the past operation we received a lot of help from all of you in the evacuation and treatment of the wounded. That was undoubtedly appreciated by the wounded man and I can say that it was definitely appreciated by us.

Jess England, erstwhile Co. B; Medico, while goldbricking (pardon) in a hospital in Reims was asked by a cute little Nurse to get a Urinal specimen from a German patient. Always the helpful soul Jess decided to give Aid to the cute Litylle Looey. He took the small bottle from her and gave it to the Jerry/ trying to explain in his West Virginia German that he should urinate in the bottle.

The gentleman instinct got the better of Jess so he politely stepped out of the room to allow the Jerry a wee bit of privacy. To the surprise of our illustrious associate the Heine had misunderstood Jess and had tried to excrete the wrong type of specimen in to the shall bottle. It simply didn't work, even a paratrooper would have missed that hole, and the Jerry was really browned off his hands his clothes and all over the floor. I wonder what German field manuel he learned to do that in. Dumb bassards aren't they!

To Captain Keefe III we extend our hearty congratulations on his recent promotion. No Matter how hard he bucked, hinted or threatened in Holland the Captaincy just wouldn't come through but as soon as he went on D.S. (Done Something) with the Hospital he received his promotion. It is rumored that his duty at the Hospital was to bolster the Nurse's morale. A job well done Captain?

Gay Paree was 'Invaded' last week by our dashing S/Sgt. Morgan. Morgan and his friends were determined to Americanize Gay Paree. Going into one of the hotter Hot Spots the started the old American game of Snipe Hunting (not cigarette butts either). It seems that Sgt. Morgan was most cooperative and after a few rounds of Champagne he was left holding the bag.

S/Sgt. Bojarski, Medical Supply Sgt. is being kept very busy these days trying to procure PEROXIDE. It is rumored that when and if the next operation becomes a reality each man will be issued a bottle of PEROXIDE to establish a BLEACH-HEAD.

PFC BALDWIN

Finally found a translation for "oo-la-la". Just a long low whistle with a french accent.

It's no use, Elizondo, these Frogs just don't speak Spanish. They couldn't leave the dance anyway.

Say gang, how about this? Three second platoon nondescripts had a very queer affair during their Paris escapade. It seemed that his pinups consisted of guys built like A stage instructors.

Cpl. (Bloody) Putman has found his laundrin is easier since he started carrying a flashlight when he takes off on pass.

S. O. P. - Hey, Graft, out of the sack.

Congratulations to the first platoon. Only one case of V. D., that we know of.

"The Nose" is still giving the mirrors a hard time. No one can figure out what he is looking for. Raking his eyebrows with a comb hasn't produced it yet.

We hate to admit it but we have a jerk in the company who is too shy to shack. He prefers to spend the night riding the Paris subways. How about it, Hoozilgan, maybe you were just a trifle inebriated, huh?

After clomping all over Holland in an assortment of wooden shoes bed room slippers and undersized boots, Eastridge has finally managed to acquire a pair of shoes that actually fit.

There is a nasty rumor in the wind that Eubanks is not being true to Betsy of Holland. Talk of that sort has broken up many a happy couple.

Things look bad for two of our S-4 boys. The cold grey light of a Paris dawn found them sleeping in a house of ill repute - with each other.

Personnelities

The place down here for the past few days has looked like the business end of a broker's office, what with all the bonds you guys have been buying. Things got a little snafued and they took the "Chief" - - - T/Sgt Mertes - - - up to Division for awhile to put them straight. Keep on buying them - - - maybe they'll use some of that dough to build us a boat to go home on.

"Big Dick" Henley just got back from Paris - - - and there hasn't been a drop of sweat on his brow since. Brad Hinchcliff is down now. We think his reaction will be a little different. "Pinn" McCool says he hasn't started operating here yet because he can't figure whether he wants to be mayor of Suippes or not - - - and then there's the possibility he wants to be absentee mayor of Reims. Martelli says Mac's carrying staff stripes around in his pocket. We'll take a break here and welcome James (Smitty) Smith and Ben Owen into the section. Glad to have you, fellows. Captain Miller finally got over from England. Says things are much the same, but there's less broken glass in the pubs. "The Wick" Fleck and another unscrupulous party were poured on the last truck from Reims recently - - - bad stuff, Bubbles. "Tex" (the Polish QM Corps) Mazurek is sporting a wooly upper lip that looks like you - know - what (a snatch here and a snatch there). Ditto that on Pascarella. Pete Seitz is still shining that ring in his nose, although it's a long way from Quorn - - - and he can still feel the pull! Seymour Sachs has been making frequent trips looking over the "lay" of the land still carrying a raincoat, Seymour? Latest swoon number around here is Glen (the Growl) Kridelbaugh singing "I Walk Alone".

Motor Pool SIDE LIGHTS

Where is our rear Echelon?? Boy do we need them. Understand they also have a few trucks too, and with tops!! This should be good news to the boys on pass. We wonder if Handsome - - - will peroxide his gee-orgeous locks again this season. And why and whom is called "Cesspool"? What driver swears he nearly was killed in Metz?? Why were two messkits being boiled out in room No. 5 the other day? Who's afraid of the big bad wolf? Or who isn't?

Welcome back Blackie-Where's our Rear Echelon. All the boys kicked out in the Bond drive and even had one of their own. We know it will make Mrs Yeazel feel good to know that we haven't forgotten Dale. It was the best thing we could have done. Roses to "Nigger" for thinking of it.

THE S-4 SECTION REPORTS
Where is the Rear Echelon?? Ray Richards has his Swap Shop all set up for business. Ritchie will do most anything for a pastime we left England and the WAAFS. We are all anxious to hear another lecture by Kisel on the subject "What I have learned in the Army". Prove it to me if you can Mangs!!! Potentials Mangs and Tripp who think that their Mustaches are the only one in the world. It seems Mrs Carl has a different opinion. We wonder why Baumgartner would never work for Warneke in civilian life. Seems there a lot of shade trees in California. Since our glamor boys, Frankie and Jimmie have come over to France, we all wonder how the Pubs manage to stay in business. We are all wondering when Cardo's Athleticfoot will start bothering him again as it is always a good sign of you know what. A certain T-4, who is now a S-Sgt and a certain Lieut. who is now a Captain, in one of their heart to heart talks on who outranked who in their respective ranks should now be very happy. Our hats off to Sgt Hart who was the first S-4 man to rotate and we are all anxious as hell to follow in his footsteps. As time has come to sign off for the opportunity is taken by the writer you one and all a Happy New Year.

THE S-4 SECTION REPORTS

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SIZING UP CENSORS

Dearest Mom:
Can't write a thing, the censor's to blame.
Just say that I'm well and sign my name.
Can't tell where I came from, Can't mention the date.
Can't even number the meals that I ate.
Can't say where I'm going, don't know where I'll land.
Couldn't inform you if met by a band.
Can't mention the weather, nor even the rain.
All military titles must secrets remain.
Can't have a flashlight to guide me by night.
Can't smoke a cigarette except out of sight.
Can't keep a diary, for such is a sin.
Can't even keep the envelope your letters come in.
Can't say for sure, darling, just what I can write.
So I'll call this a letter and kiss you goodnight.

THIT'S ENGLAND

Where the heavenly dew slips thru the breeze,
And you walk thru mud up to your knees,
And the fog is so thick you can hardly see,
That's England.

Where you live on Brussel sprouts and spam,
And powdered eggs that aren't worth a damn,
In town you can get fish and spuds
And down the taste with a mug of suds,
That's England.

You can hold your nose when you gulp it down,
It hurts your stomach and then you frown,
There's those Piccadilly commandos with painted allure,
It's rightly named bitter, for it sure ain't beer,
That's England.

And where the prices are high and ever so long
And those G I's are always wrong,
You get watered scotch at four bits a snort,
And those limey babes sure don't stand short,
That's England.

And those pitch black nights when you stay out late,
It's so bloody dark, you can't navigate,
There's no transportation you'll have to hike,
And get your tail knocked off by a goddam bike,
That's England.

Where most of the girls are blonde and bold,
And think a Yank's pockets are lined with gold,
For it burns your tongue; makes your throat feel queer,
Steer clear of them mate, or your burned for sure,
That's England.

This Isle isn't worth saving; I think
So loose the balloons and let the damn thing sink,
I ain't complaining, but I'll have you know
Life is rougher than hell in the E. T. O.
That's England.

IT TAKES COURAGE

By Nick A. Covalloro

It takes courage
To be the parents of a promising lad,
The pride and hope of his mother and dad.
To sacrifice him with a brave farewell,
To suffer the pangs of a warring hell.

It takes courage
To leave the home he loves so well
To face in battle shot and shell,
With bullets flying round his head
And about his feet the dying and dead.

It takes courage
To answer the call for a new recruit
To jump from a plane with a para-chute.
He sweats it out to the cannon sound,
While the enemy awaits him on the ground.

It takes courage
To fly a plane and high in the sky,
To fight to victory, or fall and die,
To pilot a ship to the depths of the sea,
And do it all just for you and me.

It takes courage
For the bravest and best who go to the front
To lay down their lives, to bear the brunt,
To be poisoned with gas, to tread the pike,
With others at home on a sit-down strike.

It takes courage
Friends, when we salute the American flag
We are not just saluting a beautiful rag,
For us she unfurls, on her towering mast,
There's courage of the future and courage of the past.

Now the privilege yours, the duty mine,
To show our courage behind the lines,
To give, to work, to preach, to pray,
Until God grants Old Glory a peaceful day.

Then this world will be a paradise
And we'll reap the reward of sacrifice,
For our Christ shall be known as the Prince of Peace
When this hell on earth, these wars shall cease.



GONZALES, SCHULTZ, ADAMS, SHORT, DOMIANOV AND GREY, ALL PREVIOUS TITLE HOLDERS ARE WILLING TO TAKE ON ANY AND ALL COMERS IF AND WHEN WE EVER HOLD OUR REGIMENTAL MATCHES. ALL OF THESE FELLOWS HAVE BEEN TRAINING AND ARE NO PUSH OVERS TO YOU WHO WANT TO TAKE A CHANCE

SLUSH

Paulette Goddard is thinking of marriage—that is if she can find a man who will match her stride. Overheard on the set by a stage hand 'I don't know what Mary Beth Hughes has, but when she enters a room it comes in with her. Jack Oakie says of Janet Blair, 'she looks lovely in a crowded sweater.'

Since fire destroyed their home the Bing Crosbys are living in a small country cottage, five rooms and a path.

A Hollywood Jerk is the kind of a guy that would marry Hedy Lamarr for her money.

One G.I. to another about Deanna Durbin, 'she's as pretty as a picture— nice frame, too.'

It is rumored that T. Dorsey is about to center aisle with Pat Dane. Seems he's leading with his chin instead of his trombone.

Since Veronica Lake has her new upswing hair coiffure the Hollywood wolfs don't recognize her when they look her up one side and down the other.

We are still waiting for the picture with heart throb Jane Russell as the lead. Our comment to her, "when she walks, her whole figure makes eyes at you."

It seems two women were holding a cat session at Ciro's the other day. At the adjoining table one of those movie magazine columnist was listening out of the corner of his mind. This is part of what he heard: "That was a nice dress she almost had on."

Don't worry about your motion picture entertainment in the ETO. Eightyfour of the top musical, western, horror, escapist and light dramatic films have been shipped to that war zone.

A college professor was discussing the Isle of Madagascar before a mixed class, and in the discussion he mentioned the odd fact that the men on that island were known for their passion. Immediately after he made the statement, the girls in the class started drifting out of the classroom one at a time, until the last blushing gadget got up to go. At this, the professor addressed her with, "Why should all of you leave? After all you are all old enough and broad-minded enough to accept such statements as just educational fact." Her answer was sufficient: "The next boat for Madagascar leaves in 30 minutes."

Try this on your wooden whistle: A tooter was tutoring two tooters to toot. Said the two to the tutor, "Is it easier to tutor two tooters to toot or for two to be tutored to toot by a tutor?"

Movie Shorts

Olivia DeHavilland, usually demure, is shelving modesty in her next picture. She will (1) bark like adog, (2) chirp like a bird, (3) appear clad only in a man's pajamas (both top and bottom parts, darn it!), and (4) will be sneaked upon by the camera lens while taking a bath. At this point, gents, may the director save the suds and pass the magnifying glasses!

Ginger Rogers has to sleep in those nighttime garments with flannel booties attached like you used to wear you were a kid two floors away from the heating stove on the northwest cornerperson. However, were she to come to France, it's a cinch she could warm up any hutment so any of its inhabitants wouldn't mind taking the chill of her tootsies.

Ann Corio, the strip-teaser, says every time she sheds a bit of duds to soldier applause in the burlesque houses where she stars, she feels very patriotic—like she's really doing something for the cause. But, take it from any soldier, what she's causing at the time has nothing to do with patriotism!

Bob Hope called Paulette Goddard the other day and got Dorothy Lamour instead. "Hang up, toots," he said, "Sarong number 1."

May Beth Hughes was trying to interest one of the neighbor kids in a game. She was to describe him some part of her anatomy, and he would guess what she was talking about. What she asked, did she have two of that a cow had four? And the answer he got wasn't feet.

Ann Sheridan, one of our avid readers, says: "If you think the Static Line is risque, you should see stuff they throw away!"

MORE ADVICE

Dear Prof:

We were sitting about the hutment wondering if Hitler has ever had a love affair. Do you know?

Dear A. Wal:

Not to my knowledge, but he may as well have a juicy love affair, as Hollywood's historians in later years will fix him up with a lulu, anyhow.

Prof.

Dear Prof:

My girl's husband told me if I keep dating his wife, that he would see I got an epitaph for Xmas. It's nice of him to remember me—but what the hell is a EPITAPH?

Mac.

Dear Mac:

An epitaph is a statement that usually lies above about the one who lies beneath.

Prof.

Dear Prof:

Due to the fine food served at our mess, I'm losing my boyish figure. Have you a remedy?

Chow Hound.

Dear Chow Hound:

What you need is bending exercises. This way you can stoop to concur.

Prof.

Dear Prof:

Say, I understood that WAAC's were hot stuff. I had a date with one and boy was she cold.

Speede.

Dear Speede:

Your wack must have been a cold wave.

Prof.

Dear Prof:

My girl said no man on earth was good enough for her. What shall I do (signed) trooper.

Dear Trooper:

Get a transfer to the Air Corps.

Dear Prof:

I can't make headway with the girls because some civilian is always beating my time.

Oscar.

Dear Oscar:

Cheer up! So many girls are working on defense jobs, and now I hear that some of the lovelies are hired to deliver ice. The 4F solves may soon encounter a new phenomenon—The Cold shoulder.

Prof.

Dear Prof:

What's the matter with my girl? She's always on guard lest I become too forward. She returned all

the gifts I sent her. Every time I make a pass she calls me for travelling. This gives her old man a free throw and I take time out. What kind of girl is this?

Casper, III.

Dear Caspar:

Give up! I know the basket-ball-playing hussy, myself.

Prof.

A lineman was working on some high voltage wires, when he suddenly bumped a couple of the hot ones, was electrocuted, and fell to the ground.

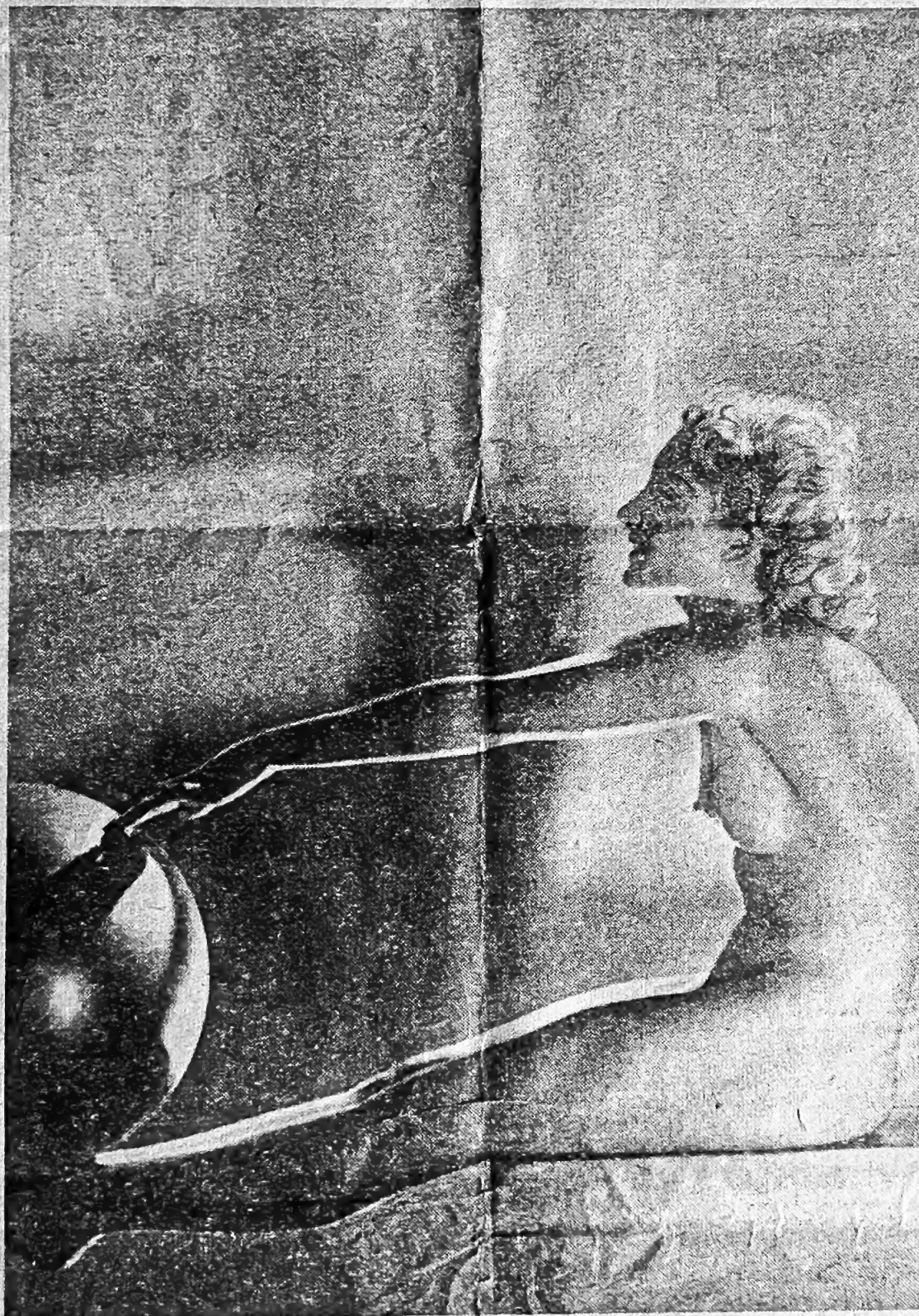
After several days in the hospital, he finally began to recover, and three weeks later, was given a final physical checkup before returning to work.

"Have you noticed anything different about yourself since the terrific shock?" the medic wanted to know.

"Well, yes," said the lineman, every time I kiss the old lady, her nose lights up."

(And that was a good one before we cleaned it up!)

Oh HUM... one soldier got a transfer out of the parachute troops cause every time I get into the plane to jump my heart flutters. Whose doesn't?



YOU'D NEVER RECOGNIZE THIS AS LITTLE NEW YEAR "WOULD YOU? WITH THE DIFFERENCE IN CLIMATE, COUNTRIES AND CONSIDERING HOW WE HAVE AGED IT IS TIME WE HAD SOMETHING MORE TO OUR TASTE. SHE'S STRICKLY ON THE BALL, ISN'T SHE?"

VITAL STATISTICS

There are several hundred books, articles, theses, speeches and pamphlets in the New-York Public Library on the subject of marriage, but only one book of poetry on marriage.

No need—the wisey makes plenty fast fast poetry, when we try and explain those sick friend's sessions.

Oregon has the most stringent marriage laws in our country, re-

quiring pre-marriage examination of male and female to discover chronic alcoholism, drug addiction,

A Betty Grableish blonde was walking around an army camp with a paratrooper, when some soldiers nearby fired a rifle volley. Doll feverishly clutched the chutist around the neck, then begged his forgiveness.

"Think nothing of it," he said magnanimously, "what do you say we go over and look at some heavy artillery."

epilepsy, feeble-mindedness, gonorrhea, insanity, syphilis and venereal disease.

What, no exam. for false teeth? Studies made of the reproductive histories of some 12,000 women showed that between 25 and 30 percent of their pregnancies were terminated prematurely by abortion.

Now I know why so many women throw flowers into the river on Memorial Day.

HOT-POOP

All those wolves who used to gnaw on a chaw of tough beef in Earl Carroll's House of Scanty Apparel in Hollywood, while nurturing evil designs on the one third from the left in the front line of the chorus, are now howling a hurt hullabaloo. Carroll has given the babes a Sunday of each week, and now throws symphonies at the mobs who come into the jernt on the Sabbath. The old line is now changed to: "Thru these portals pass the most beautiful oboes in the world!"

They certainly picked a proper title for Lana Turner's latest picture, "Careless Cinderella." In doing it, she was so overworked, she dropped 50 pounds, and there's a rumor that she has taken in her perictoral harness a full inch. However, it's rumored she can still take a deep breath and make a strong man pant.

There's a play called "Adamant Eve" which has just broken into public spotlight in San Francisco, which brings up the cozy thought that the Eve of the Garden of Eden, had she been more adamant, might have changed the course of the world—or intercourse.

There is no middle ground at Hollywood parties, one of the writers out there complains. He maintains the guests are either bored stiff, or stiff as a board.

How times change. There is now a movie in the making called "The Girls He Left Behind." In grand-pops day, there was only one girl, O.K. so HE said.

The other day Carole Landis was walking down the street with her usual gelatin quaver in all the best places, when a man sidled up to her with a note. On it was written: "Carole, I'm deaf and mute, but let this pass for a whistle."

There are those now wonder, in passing, whether Errol Flynn prefers a double bed to sleep single, or a single bed to sleep double. Or does he sleep. It is making much interesting discussion among the parachutists, where a bed is never the deciding factor.

A soldier was in the Stage Door Canteen in New-York, when who should walk in but Elsa Maxwell. He was telling his mates about it later. "Newt thing I knew," said he, "she was sitting next to me—all around the table."

Paulette Goddard has been seen around the Hollywood spots wearing what she calls her new sideless, backless, practically frontless evening gown. With a little less, on-lookers would see a lot more.

Paul Whiteman, says Annie Sheridan, who knows her curves, is a new kind of 4F—in fact, a 2F-2F. Liberally translated, she means 2 Fat 2 Fight.

Did you ever stop to think that one of the most horrible presentations in public would be Eddy Duchin himself.

It's about time for the fan magazine to burst forth with the annual story about "the new Joan Crawford." It's a lie, whatever she's got ain't new.

Hedy Lamarr is a South Sea spook in "White Cargo," goes around driving men crazy with bodily swing and sway. For the guy in the picture, there was some compensation—he got to touch her, or more. All the gawks will get to do who see the picture is go crazy PE-RIOD.

Report is out that a soldier came up to Mary Beth Hughes the other night and said this little piece.

"I would kill a Jap."

For a slap,

At the back,

Of your lap!"

Ye gods and little whales! There was a story came from Hollywood the other day that Dinah Shore, a former Nashville gal who smolders in song, is the best informed girl in all the world on army camp life. She subscribes to a total of 200 camp newspapers from all over the country. Dinah, if the Static Line is among 'em, we'll blush if you read anything but Chaplain Wood!

In "Best Foot Forward" Lucille Ball had to do a subtle strip-tease, sa a bunch of enthusiastic kids had to come in and rip her dress off for souvenirs. The kids, all of them, were paid \$7.50 per day for doing this job, all of which goes to show youngsters have no idea of that which is work and deserving of pay, and that which is privilege for which money should be scorned.

Mary Brian says the STATIC LINE is the life of many a Hollywood party, and some of its quips are only from thieving radio gag-writers because they are unable to wing the lustiness out, and retain any laugh.

When it was announced the other day that Mary Astor was helping her mothers, Mrs H. Langhanke, do some estate business, it brought to mind that her name, before the Hollywood treatment, was Lucille Langhanke. But she didn't have the funniest original moniker—that honor goes to Claire Windsor, a silent film great. Her's was Olga Kronk!



"WELL, WHAT IN HELL ARE YOU STARING AT?"

ANDY'S MISTAKE

Andy wanted to get a birthday present for Madam Queen and decided to get her a pair of gloves, but not knowing values, he got Mrs. Kingfish to select them. While shopping, she got herself a pair of bloomers and somehow the purchases got mixed and Andy got the box containing the bloomers. He, without opening it, sent it by messenger to Madam Queen with the following note:

Dear Honey:

This little token is to remind you that I am keeping tab on your birthday. I chose them because I thought of you and thought you needed some as you are not in the habit of wearing any in the evening when we go out together. If it had not been for Brother Kingfish's wife, I would have bought long ones with a button on them but she said they were wearing short ones now. They are of a delicate color but the lady I bought them from showed me a pair she had been wearing three months and they were hardly soiled at all.

Now I so wish I could put them on for you, Honey, I mean for the first time, but no doubt some other man's hands will come in contact with them before I have a chance to see them again. Anyway, I hope you will think of me every time you put them on.

Amos had Ruby put them and they looked very pretty on her. I didn't know the exact size although I thought I would be more capable of judging your size than anyone else.

After you put them on once, they will slip on easy and when you take them off, be sure to blow in them as they naturally will be a little damp from wearing, and keep them on when you are cleaning them for if you don't they will shrink.

Be sure and wear them to Aunt Lillian's party dance next Friday night as I'm just crazy to see them on you.

Hope you will accept them in the same spirit they are given. I still love you, Honey.

Your dearest admirer,
Andrew H. Brown.

P. S. — Think of the number of times I will kiss the back of them this year. Mrs. Kingfish and Ruby Taylor say the latest thing is to wear them unbuttoned and hanging down as that gives the wearer an easy careless look.

ABH

Joan Thorsen, the lovely model who established a record for appearing on the covers of six magazines in a month, is now on the coast to make a film appearance. That somehow leaves a parachutist cold. However, if she had made a record for appearing under the covers—that would be some thing to yipe about.

Hedy Lamarr and Ann Sothern are inseparable cronies, go everywhere together, according to a MGM publicity item. That gives you guys an idea think over, and come up with an arrangement whereby some of you inseparables can split up—one of you go out to Hollywood, and send one of the girls to France in trade.

A Christmas issue was intended, but due to circumstances it was impossible. This is our mild offering in place of the earlier edition. The editor and «Static Line» staff wish all of you the Happiest New Year possible under the circumstances and we thank all of you for the cooperation in getting in your dirt.

Dear Brother,

Received two letters from you today and they moved my bowels so much I am compelled to immediately unbend my literary capabilities in your direction. My place of abode is now in France which is still outside the Continental limits of the United States and therefore I merrily continue to draw overseas pay.

I enjoyed your description of your itinerary on your many trips to Los Angeles. You really don't have all the conveniences to get you there often enough. Seems somebody should do something about that. Now in the next few lines, I shall attempt to describe some of the advantages and hot spots of this great little place called Camp XXXX. Lovely place it is.

We are really in luxury compared to the guys up on the firing line. We have well-heated buildings as long as our wooden bunks hold out. Of course then we will sleep on the floor. Still better than a fox-hole or slit-trench with Screaming Mimies unwinding in your direction at all hours of the night.

Then we have baths-showers with running water—which are available if one can elbow a couple chousand other fifty G.I.s out of the way. Still that is a hell of a lot better than using a dirt-lined fox-hole filled with rainwater to rid of the A. P. O. (Arm Pit Odor).

Then we have a wonderful P. X. One can buy anything there you desire as long as you don't desire anything besides chewing tobacco, shaving cream, and Vaseline. Still better than going without these necessities of overseas Army Life. Then we have a place called a beer hall. In there it is very comfortable only about sixty degrees colder than Armours coolest freezing room. Each man can get a full canteen cup of beer each evening if he can get the day off to get into the line. The beer is really the nuts—at least .02 % alcohol by weight and volume together. Still better than trying to get a jag on by drinking limonade made from K ration lemon powder.

Then we have an unwarmed, unroofed, and unfloored place called the Battalion dining room. What a Mess! One came get into that place by merely standing in line for an hour or putting on Guard Uniform and bucking the line. We have more brains in this outfit when it comes to ingenious methods of getting in there ahead of the six or seven hundred assorted Chowhounds. Then one finally gets to the promised land where well—

Suzzane

Suzzane was a lady
With plenty of class
Who knocked them all dead
When she wiggled her.

Eyes at the fellows
As girls sometimes do
To make it quite plain
That she wanted to.

Take in a movie
Or go for a sail
And then hurry home
For a piece of.

Cake and ice cream or
A slice of roast duck
For after each meal
She was ready to.

Go for a ride
Or a stroll on the dock
With any young man
Who had a sizable.

Roll of big bills
And a pretty good front
And if he talked fast
She would show him her.

Little pet dog who was
Subject to fits
And maybe she'd let him
Take hold of her.

Little White and and
With a movement so quick
She'd reach right over
And tickle his.

Chin while she showed him
A trick learned in France
And make the poor fellow
Take off his.

Cost while she sang
Of the Mandelay Shore
For whatever she was
Sazzane was no bore.

Sexy Side of the Screen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

Judging from the number of mugs who fight their way into the front row of W. D. Theater No. 10 every night (when they're not repairing the new equipment), there ought to be a Hollywood column among these pages to give them some ideas of what's goin' on in that COCK-eyed town.

To get off to a bit of orientation (everybody has to be oriented in the army—on the map, with a compass, or told how to get from Phoenix City home), Hollywood is the place where George Raft popularized the single-breasted coat, and Lana Turner, the double-breasted sweater.

Arleen Whelan, who was a manicurist until she held the right producer's hand in Hollywood (line o' duty, you dirty thing), says a paratrooper should always, if he thinks anything of his lady (?), have his nails cared for before a date. It's probably because she has our best interests at heart, gents. You see, if a girl doesn't have to worry about runs in her nylons, it may take her so long to think up some other reason to brush you off, it'll be too late.

The other night, a couple of paratroopers were watching a Diana Barrymore movie, and the point came in the picture where she took off a jacket, and revealed (yipe!) her upper torso in a clingy, knit sweater. At This Jonctu re one chutist nudged his next seat neighbor, and said in a hoarse whisper: "Now you understand why I seen this pitcher six times! ..."

There's some talk of co-starring Patsy Kelly, the comic, with Ann Corio, the strip-teasist in a movie which should be something for the eyes and ears. With Patsys, it's lip, and with Ann, it's strip!

Milton Berle was telling about some guy who thumbed a ride—and his nail came off! The thumb is now sweating what may later develop, or disintegrate.

On Al Jolson's recent tour of army camps up around the Arctic Circle, it is reported that the hit song of every stop was about a girl (wouldn't you know it?) called "Mammy". Any color dame up there is all right, because the nights are six months long and a man can't see what's going on anyway.

With memories of what he was told in jump school—that some 100 young ladies had to give up their undies so he could have that chute over his head—one of the parachutists remarked dreamily: "Everytime I look up and check my canopy, I think of what a break I'd be getting if Gene Tierney was stuffed down thru that puckered vent."

Well, gents, I've somehow managed to get this far and there's no use pushing luck to extremes. I'll be glad to answer any pertinent screen questions (and impertinent ones, too, within reason), if they are dropped in the Static Line wastebasket, or pinned in a prominent place in any one of our luxurious shower rooms.

(After reading with tears in my eyes for twenty months overseas service in many different countries, the Sad Sack letters from my brother who has spent thirty months in the Army, all in the States, I have finally decided to write him a short epistle explaining to him the advantages of being with the 505. Letter follows:)

Sometime before Christmas
Somewhere in France
Somehow it is written

demans in this outfit who do not spend day and nite doing close order drill, forced marches, and listening to sex lectures. Even our Platoon Leader is bucking for one of those desirable jobs.

Then we have the Red Cross Establishment. Little need be said about that except a guy can always get smokes there just by sweeping the foil floor and sifting the understrable money and shorter than half-inch butts from the larger ones.

Now we come to the more pleasant aspects of life in the so-called rest area. Once every six weeks, any man who has fulfilled all the requirements for West Point, may if this hair is cut down to half an inch, be given a pass to the nearest city which is only thirty miles away. The pass is good, not for just two hours or four hours, but five hours and fifty eight minutes. This gives any hustling G. I. a good chance to have a few drinks of Calvados and the Cavalry had nothing to do with manufacturing it either. And if a guy is really lucky to get to the city on any day besides Sunday, he can for no further admission or relinquishment of other privileges, witness a parade of the Fighting Q. M. where it seems some lucky Major or Colonel is always getting the Good Conduct medal or the Silver Spoon with Catmeal Cluster. Curfew is not until 8PM when all the excitement is over anyway.

Now here is the greatest privilege of all. It corresponds to a Carbon Commando getting the Medal of Honor or an M. P. getting a year's stay at the home of Betty Grable. This is a 48 hour pass to Paris. Most come back dazed, broke, and with a souvenir. It is not necessary to pay for these souvenirs as anyone with a good line can talk himself into it. For this the lad usually makes a special formation within nine days after returning to blissful Camp XXXX life.

Every ninety days or so if a man has not broken any window, signed a statement of charges, been red-lined, blue-lined, or black-balled, he gets paid just like any ordinary W. P. A. man back home. Yesterday was one of those days. I venture to say no other Division in the whole Army will ever top the amount of War Bonds sold on this payday to the men of our outfit. Purely out of Patriotic emotions the men of this Division have decided to finance this war when they are not fighting it. You will probably hear about it if you search the local column of the

Rolling Prairie, Wyoming weekly scandal sheet. Of course, I might add a little item which probably indirectly is helping the sale of Bonds this Payday. For the purchase of a 25 dollar Bond, the holder is entitled to a chance in a lottery. The persons who hold the three lucky numbers in the lottery will be sentenced to the United States life. Naz the Devil save all of my friends from such a fate.

Of course, I, like the proverbial Sad Sack, was blue-lined for failing to field strip a cigarette about three weeks ago. I had approximately five months pay coming, which if invested in War Bonds would have brought the odds against my returning to the States within three years down to about 52,347 to 1. In the opinion of our wiser guard house lawyers, the simplest way to get back to the States is to don a German uniform and surrender to some Red-Pan Commando. Seems like the POW's are using all the boats plying between here and N. Y. But then on second thought, some people had better stay here and police up, which honorable profession this outfit can beat any other at. On this I will wager m" 24 sheets of toilet paper.

Well, Kid, I am sorry that you can't be over here with us, so I am wishing you the best of luck in your dangerous activities thru the U. S. O. circuit.

As Ever,
Mel.

P. S. - Our company commander someday gets the screwiest notions. Just the other day, as it was raining, which is ordinary except on February 29th, he ordered me to wear a raincoat while walking a couple miles. Now, anybody in this outfit with a normal human brain, knows that raincoats are to be worn only after the person is thoroughly soaked or if the sun is shining. After all, there are still a few of us around he remember the day in Alabama when we carried our overshoes on our pack while crossing a large-sized swamp. Naturally, when we crossed onto dry land and all feet were thoroughly soaked, orders were given out to put on overshoes. That is what drives us to drink for anybodys information.

T. S. - Forgot to mention our Pre-dawn formation which is called "Asses, elbows, and keep em bobbing" or "Gramma trim your toenails, you are tearing up the sheets".

LOVES HANGOVER

By romance moved, he overstepped.
Scoffed at her firmest warning;
She submitted; then parting said,
« I'll sue you in the morning! »

Dear Prof : I've been dating several paratroopers and they all have the same thought. Tell me, what is the best way to keep from being raped?

Dear Baby : **JUST RELAX.**
—Atlanta Baby.

Dear Prof : My parents have given me permission to date boys. Can you give me some advice?

—Blissful Sixteen.

Dear Sixteen : What ever young girl should know—is better.

Dear Prof : My « jumping husband » asked me for money, saying he had to pay for a neckerchief. What's that?

—War Wife.

Dear War Wife (ain't it hell) : A neckerchief is the president of a sorority.

Dear Prof : What do you think of girls wearing slacks on defense jobs?

—Bond Buyer.

Dear American : All I can say is, the fellow who named them slacks was a mighty poor judge of tension.

Dear Prof : Me and my gal have decided to get married. Do you think we can find transportation to the wedding?

—Anxious.

Dear Sucker : The OPA says its O.K. for the bride and groom to ride to the wedding in a car. This does not fall under the head of pleasure driving.

Dear Prof : My wife has presented me with a baby boy. I'm so proud I just had to tell you.

—Short Horn.

Dear Me too's : So you got your bait back—congratulations!

Dear Prof : I've been engaged for two years. Would you advise marriage during these trying times?

—Unhappy.

Dear Chums : A man is never happy until he is married then it's too late. Once he has tied the knot, he doesn't have much rope.

Dear Prof : Can you give a good definition of a strip tease dancer?

—PX BOYS

Dear Beer Drinkers : A strip dancer is just a girl who has everything and shows it. Or, it's a girl who looks well in anything she takes off.

He was teaching her arithmetic
He said it was his mission.
He kissed her once
He kissed her twice
And said « Now that's addition ».

Then he added smack by smack
In silent satisfaction
She sweetly gave his kisses back
And said « That's subtraction ».

Then he kissed her and she kissed him
Without an exclamation
Then both together smiled and said
« That's multiplication ».

Then Dad appears upon the scene
And makes a quick decision
He kicked the guy three blocks away
And said « That's long division ».

Dear Prof :
My husband is always yawning.
I wonder what causes this?
Mrs. I. P. Freely.

Dear Mrs. I. P. :
When with you, maybe it's his only chance to open his mouth.

Dear Prof :
I told my girl she had pretty ankles and she was angry. It beats me.
Harry Bottom.

Dear Hank :
It's all right to tell her she had pretty ankles, but maybe you complimented her too highly.

Dear Prof :
I was « pitching a little woo » with my girl last night and I thought I heard something break. I'm worried.
B. Bales.

Dear Bob :
Take it easy, chum; maybe it was only her promise to mother—breaking.

Dear Prof :
What do you think of blondes?
7 by 2.

Dear Slim :
Blondes were invented to keep married life from running too smoothly.

Dear Prof :
I have a chance to date a school-teacher. How are they?
P. U.

Dear Stinky :
Not for me, I've dated only two. One had no principal and the other had no class.

Dear Prof :
My kid brother is thinking of joining the Boy Scouts. Do you know the age limit?
G. Whizz.

Dear G. W. :
Up to sixteen a lad is a Boy Scout, after that he becomes a Girl Scout.

Dear Prof :
They say people with opposite

characteristics make the happiest marriages. Is this true?

Butch.

Dear B. :
Yes, that's why I'm looking for a girl with money.

Dear Prof :
We met some hot numbers from N. C. Girls College. Now we hear the board of trustees is trying to stop necking.
Big Stew.

Dear B. S. :
That's so! First thing you know they'll be trying to make the students stop, too.

Dear Prof :
I recently joined the « Book of the Month Club. » What do you think of their latest edition? I. Q.
Dear Intellect :
The new best seller seems strange. It has no description of a birth or a seduction.



ISN'T THAT A LOVELY HAIR DO AND AREN'T THOSE A CLASSY PAIR OF SHOES? IF SHE WASN'T SO OVER DRESSED THE STUFF IN BETWEEN WOULDN'T BE TOO HARD TO TAKE

THE MIRACLE

A hermit once lived in a beautiful dell.
No legend or myth is this tale that I tell,
For my grandsire swore he knew quite well the hermit.

He lived all alone in a cave by a lake;
Concoctions of herbs for his health he would take;
And only of fish would this good man partake on Fridays.

Now to inquisitive mortals his portals were closed.
Once a year he washed, both his body and clothes.
How the lake ever stood it, God only knows, and he wouldn't tell.

One day as he rose all dripping and wet
His horrified vision three maidens met.
Now at the feminine business he was no vet; so he blushed.

He snatched up his hat which lay on the beach;
Covered up all that the wide brim would reach;
And yelled at the maids in a terrified screech, « GO AWAY! »

But the maids only laughed at his pitiful plight,
And begged him to show them that wonderful sight;
But he held on to his hat with all his might to hide it.

Now along then came a villainous gnat.
Who made the hermit forget where he was at.
He struck at the insect and let go the hat... oh, horrors!

And now I have come to the thread of my tale;
The Hermit turned red and then turned pale.
He uttered a prayer, for prayers never fail, so is said.

The Lord heard his prayer, and answered his call.
He let go the hat... BUT THE HAT DIDN'T FALL... a miracle.

The First Time

I remember the first time I tried it.
I was only a kid of sixteen,
And tho he was much younger than me,
He was far more composed and serene.

I was eager, yet awkwardly backward.
Uncertain of how to proceed,
But he seemed not to notice the hesitancy
With which I prepared for the deed.

It was out in the barn, I remember,
At the close of a lush, summer day
And the evening was scented with clover in bloom
And fragrance of freshly mown hay.

I remember he made no objection,
Showed no evidence of alarm,
For I loved him, and he loved me.
Since first he came to our farm.

I remember I spoke to him softly,
As I cuddled his face in my hands,
And I saw in his eyes the look
Of a loved one who understands.

I remember he moved a bit closer
And the touch of his body was warm
As my fingers moved awkwardly over his throat
And he nestled his head on my arm.

Looking back on it now, I remember
How I stood and my head did spin,
With the thought of the thing I was going to do,
Yet reluctant somehow—to begin.

His eyes, I thought, rebuked me
For waiting, perhaps being afraid,
And even Nellie, our ancient plow horse
Looked over her manger and neighed.

Long after, I got up, uncertain
Of whether to stay or to run,
All a tingle with pride, yet shaken and awed.

As I knew that, at last, it was done.

Ten years have gone since that lesson
But I'll never forget, of course,
The thrill and the joy that I felt that day,
I first learned to saddle a horse!

Definitions

NUDIST : One who has less pocket space than a sailor.

TEMPTATION : Something which, when resisted, gives happiness and which yielded to, gives greater happiness.

ZEAL : A certain nervous disorder afflicting the young and inexperienced.

GOOD SPORT : One who will always let you have your own way.

HONESTY : Fear of being caught.

PESSIMIST : One who sees things as they are.

THEY'RE TOO OLD OR TOO YOUNG

An old Mother Sergeant named Ellis
Sat watching his mates fill their bellies
But his eyelids drooped
And his brain was pooped
And we have an idea that his — well, his.

Oh, skip it.

All of a sudden he slumped over forward
Creating a mess that was horrid,
He began to snore
With his plate on the floor
And the pork chops and gravy were splattered.
The cups and the dishes they clattered
Creating an awful uproar
With the sergeants all crying, « Encore ».